

THAT DINNER PAIL

By AUGUSTUS GOODRICH SHERWIN.

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"Return to the writer," spoke Alvin Prescott, and an expression crossed his face that looked strangely out of place for one so young and handsome.

It was indignation, resolve and grumpiness combined—naught of regret. He handed back a letter, just delivered by the postman and brought to him by the slovenly maid of the third-class boarding house, the fare and disorder of which constituted one of the many hard crosses he was compelled to bear.

"I won't break, I won't give in!" he said between his set teeth. "I won't truckle. Gideon Blake and his dollars—that!" and he snapped his fingers airily. "I'll earn my own living and work my own way. Thanks," he added, arising to leave for his daily task and taking up the filled dinner pail brought to him by the kitchen slavey.

He swung down the street not one whit ashamed of carrying the badge of the artisan. It was a pretty big fall from the luxurious theory of engineering, to begin at the bottom to learn the practical end of mechanics. Two dollars a day looked mean and little to the recent prospective heir to a fortune. The worst of it was that the factory town did not boast a decent boarding house. The charge was cheap, the fare abominable. Even now Alvin made a slight grimace and then resignedly shrugged his shoulders, as



"I Can't Do Better Than Make the Change."

he thought of the dinner hour and its usual concomitants—dry bread fragments, a stale roast, pie, with a soaked crust.

"By all means I must find a new boarding house," Alvin soliloquized. "I can't afford the hotel. There must be some place where I can get clean, wholesome food, even if it isn't grand and varied."

Then his thoughts reverted to the letter he had just ordered returned to its writer. Well he knew from the handwriting it bore that his uncle, Gideon Blake, was the correspondent. Six months previously he had quarreled with that self-willed relative. Mr. Blake wished him to marry a certain Euellie Merton. Against this Alvin rebelled. In the first place he had not yet learned what love meant. In the next he knew Euellie Merton to be naturally a flirt, and by proclivity a good deal of an adventuress.

"I do not want your money," Alvin had said. "I can earn my own living," and now he was doing it.

He began calculating possible progress in his sphere of employment to keep from feeling lonely, for he found little congenial companionship in the hard-working, slow-going town. His shoe became unlaced as he was crossing a rustic bridge spanning a ravine near the river. Alvin set his dinner pail on the rail.

Crack!—he glanced up quickly, in time to see his dinner pail go flying from its place, rolling down a steep incline and striking the river. He noticed two boys rushing through the yard of a vine-embowered cottage near by. One carried a sling-shot. They rapidly got beyond pursuit. Alvin tried to make out where his noonday lunch and its receptacle had landed, failed, and proceeded towards the plant half a mile farther on.

"I shan't mourn much," he humorously told himself. "A restaurant meal will be a pleasant variation."

It must have been two hours later when the timekeeper of the plant came to him. He carried a tin dinner pail with a dent in one side.

"This yours?" he inquired. "I fancy so, for your initials are scratched on the cover."

"Why, yes," replied Alvin, inspecting his missing dinner pail. "Where did you get it?"

"Two boys brought it, said it belonged to a man working here, and described you. Then they scooted away as if scared into a hurry."

"Remorse or genuine good-heartedness," smiled Alvin. "Thanks," and

he thought no more of the incident until noon-quitting time.

Then as he removed the cover of the dinner pail, in profound bewilderment he stared. A napkin spotlessly white came first. Beneath was a heap of dainty meat sandwiches. A layer of lettuce leaves, and there nestled a square of pie nudging harmoniously a thick slice of raisin cake.

"My original lunch must have spilled out, and these two mischievous lads in a spasm of contrition must have recovered the pail and had it refilled at home," reasoned Alvin. "Home—oh, somewhere in this town there is a famous cook! My favorite dainty, too—raisin bread!"

The toothsome of the unexpected repeat lingered like after fragrance of a rose, as he passed the spot where the catastrophe of the dinner pail had transpired. Alvin had never before noticed the sylvan beauty of the little cottage standing back from the road amid a nest of greenery and flowers. For the first time, too, he observed a written card nailed to the fence post. It read: "Can accommodate one or two boarders."

"If the food they dispense is anything like what I got today," ruminated Alvin, "I can't do better than make the change."

Which Alvin proceeded to do the next day. The comfort and coziness of the place delighted him. There was an added charm. He found that the widow who owned the house had a daughter who assumed the duties of hostess in a way that made him feel at home.

Netta Day was a beautiful girl. She was musical and so was Alvin. Two pleasant evenings surrounded by real friendliness and culture gave Alvin a new spur in life.

The third evening as he sat down to supper there was raisin bread. He could not help but praise it. Then naturally in his usual good-natured way Alvin recalled the episode of the disappearing dinner pail. He commended the worthy restitution made by the two mischievous boys.

"Why," suddenly spoke up Mrs. Day. "Netta made them return the dinner pail."

"Mother!" warned Netta, flushing deeply.

"Yes, and it was Netta who filled the dinner pail," proceeded Mrs. Day. "Its original contents had gone into the river. She made the boys recover the dinner pail."

Alvin glanced gratefully at Netta. Amid her confusion she seemed lovelier than ever to him.

One evening two months later, coming home from work, Alvin was considerably surprised to meet his uncle, Gideon Blake.

"Ah, I have found him at last, dear boy!" exclaimed the old man effusively. "Hunted you up, to suggest that bygone should be bygones. Miss Euellie Merton—"

"Regarding that estimable young lady," interrupted Alvin forcibly, "that devoted hope of yours is farther away than ever."

"Good!" cried Uncle Gideon. "I've found her out—a mercenary match-maker."

"You see," continued Alvin, "I am engaged to another."

"Not the pretty girl I just saw at the cottage yonder?"

"The same," nodded Alvin proudly. "Lucky fellow!" commented Uncle Gideon. "I would feel it an honor to make her joint inheritor with yourself of the fortune I so meanly denied you."

And then Alvin invited his enthusiastic relative to tea, and Netta's raisin cake made the old fellow more in love than ever with that charming young lady.

PROPER WAY TO PLANT POST

Workers Have Found It Makes Much Difference as to Which End Is in the Ground.

The average person in planting a post is very likely to place it so that the upper end is in the ground. This he does on the hypothesis that moisture will follow the same course in the post that sap pursued in the tree from which the post was taken. In point of fact, water flows either way through the pores of dead wood so that, as far as the transmission of moisture is concerned, it does not matter which end of a post is in the ground.

A hundred and twenty-five posts set 20 years ago have just been carefully examined for information on this very point. Eighty-six of them were placed in the ground top up, and 39 top down. Of the former, 15 or 17 per cent. were decayed, as against 13, or 30 per cent. of the latter.

The observer very logically concludes that the direction of the flow of moisture through the posts had little or nothing to do with their condition. In all instances the greatest decay was at the ground line, and, naturally enough, the posts in which the smallest diameters were at this line had suffered the most.

The conclusion arrived at is, therefore, that if posts are to endure to their limit they must be so set that their largest diameter is at the ground line. The question as to which end is up is of no practical importance.

Much More Literal.

"Just as I entered the theater last night," said Minerva. "I heard someone say: 'Now for the dirty work.'"

"And then I suppose the villain carried off the girl," ventured brother Ben.

"No," replied Minerva. "a comedian was on the stage and when he said that he started to black up his face in full view of the audience."

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New Discovery! Takes Place of Dangerous Calomel—It Puts Your Liver To Work Without Making You Sick—Eat Anything—It Can Not Salivate—Don't Lose a Day's Work!

I discovered a vegetable compound that does the work of dangerous, sickening calomel and I want every reader of this paper to try a bottle and if it doesn't straighten you up better and quicker than salivating calomel just go back to the store and get your money.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your thirty feet of bowels of the sour bile and constipation poison which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable.

I guarantee that one spoonful of this harmless liquid liver medicine will relieve the headache, biliousness, coated tongue, ague, malaria, sour stomach or any other distress caused by a torpid liver as quickly as a dose of vile, nauseating calomel, besides it will not make you sick or keep you from a day's work. I want

to see a bottle of this wonderful liver medicine in every home in the South.

Calomel is poison—it's mercury—it attacks the bones often causing rheumatism. Calomel is dangerous. It sickens—while my Dodson's Liver Tone is safe, pleasant and harmless. Eat anything afterwards, because it can not salivate. Give it to the children because it doesn't upset the stomach or shock the liver. Take a spoonful tonight and wake up feeling fine and ready for a full day's work.

Get a bottle! Try it! If it doesn't do exactly what I say, tell your dealer to hand your money back. Every druggist and store keeper in the South knows me and know of my wonderful discovery of a medicine that takes the place of dangerous calomel.

WITH WAR'S HONORS

Defeated Soldiers Who Are Accorded Distinction.

Defenders Forced Through Circumstances to Surrender Fortified Places Usually Treated With Generosity by Captors.

When Przemyśl, the great fortress on the Hungarian frontier, fell into the hands of the Russians, the terms of surrender provided that the garrison should be accorded "honors of war." As a consequence, the defenders marched out with their colors flying, and surrendered to the commander of the attacking forces to the sounds of drums and bagpipes. The prisoners were neither deported to Siberia nor sent to concentration camps, but were placed on parole in a certain town of Russia, and the officers were allowed to retain their swords.

It is interesting to recall that at Port Arthur, the greatest siege ever known, at the end of seven months' investment the Russians made various offers of surrender if they could march out with all the honors of war, but the Japanese demanded unconditional surrender.

Ordinarily, in all these siege operations, a surrender of a fortress is unconditional, and the vanquished tacitly agree to accept whatever terms the victor, in his wisdom, may impose, relying upon the latter's magnanimity for good and lenient treatment. The usual course is this: The garrison is disarmed. They are made to fall in, all so many prisoners, and escorted to wherever their conquerors decide they shall be detained.

The conquerors, of course, see that the escort is a strong guard, properly armed, able to put down at once any attempt on the prisoners' part to escape or disobey orders. Worst of all, and certainly the most galling to any real soldier, the almost sacred trophies of the different regiments become the spoils of the victors.

Guns, ammunition, colors and such like things all have to be given up, though men have given their lives to defend them. For the future they grace the homes of the enemy, or are turned against their old owners in the field.

It is in these things that the humiliation of surrender becomes complete; yet all of it is saved when the beaten garrison is granted the "honors of war," as the Austrians were at Przemyśl. That means the defenders were simply "defeated, but not disgraced." By its use, the successful besiegers admit to the world that the garrison were able to make something better than an unconditional surrender. Their heroic defense had not left them at their last gasp; they could maintain hostilities for some time yet; and, although they would undoubtedly be beaten at the finish, the fortress could only be taken after more or less had been suffered.

In such a case all that is demanded of the beaten men is that they should evacuate all their positions. These the enemy take possession of, as what they have been striving for. All the colors and other trophies are retained by the garrison. The defenders are not prisoners of war, compelled to surrender. They are simply beaten men, voluntarily giving up the unequal contest.

They are not disarmed and escorted by guards. Mustering under their own leaders, as they did at Przemyśl, they have no enemy over them giving orders. Headed by their own bands, with their own colors flying above them, and no foreign flag near, they "march out" of the positions they have so nobly held, saluted by their successors and acclaimed by the world as heroes.

rees for whom circumstances have been too strong.

It has been previously settled where they should go, and thither they march by themselves, their officers wearing their swords by their sides, just as if they were victors. Instead of conquered men. They merely evacuate their positions, and to all purposes are free men, not prisoners.

This is marching out with the "honors of war."

The custom is an old one, and of late years seldom practiced; it was left to the Russians to revive it.

Cures Ivy Poisoning.
For ivy poisoning apply Hanford's Balm. It is antiseptic and may be used to kill the poison. Prompt relief should follow the first application. Adv.

Aviators' Safety Parachutes.

The energies of practically all the inventors of parachutes for airmen have been directed towards the development of a device for the airman alight, the aeroplane itself being allowed to drop to earth unimpeded. Parachutes for the whole aeroplane have just been designed by a French inventor. Two folded parachutes, contained in cone-shaped receptacles, are attached to the wings as near the ends as possible. By means of a simple mechanism, operated by the movement of a small hand lever, these parachutes are pushed out of the containers, after which they are claimed to open freely, no matter in what manner the aeroplane may be falling. All the airman has to do is to hang on to the aeroplane.

For sprains make a thorough application of Hanford's Balm, well rubbed in. Adv.

Earmarks.

Alexander Powell, war correspondent and lecturer, said at a tea in New York:

"The English volunteer troops are splendid. You can tell by certain earmarks where they come from. You can tell the miners of the Midlands, the mill hands of Manchester, the bookkeepers of London, the—"

"How do you tell them?" a young lady asked.

"Well," said Mr. Powell, "it's easy enough to tell, for example, the bookkeepers. Every time the bookkeepers are commanded to stand at ease they try to put their rifles behind their ears."

Sold upon merit—Hanford's Balm.

Adv.

A Cinch.

"My big brother is a printer," said the boy who worked in a downtown office.

"That's nuthin' to brag about," retorted his bosom friend.

"Maybe it ain't, but it's mighty handy just the same. When I want to go to a ball game, I get him to put a death notice in the paper, so the boss has got to believe I'm going to a funeral."

Wounds on man or beast should be healed by Hanford's Balm.

Adv.

Ashamed of Them.

"I see the Sayre baby cried with loud protest when it was made a Christian."

"Well, when you see the way Christians are acting just now in the world, can you blame the baby?"

For galls use Hanford's Balm.

Adv.

A newspaper's income springs from three sources. Advertising, subscriptions and the owners of lost dogs.

Conversation attains its most acutest form in the grandstand at the ball park.

Russia Becomes Temperate.

The prohibition of selling brandy in the government monopoly shops was introduced throughout the Russian empire from the beginning of the war, on the day of mobilization, and has now been in force for more than eight months. One of the Russian papers has made inquiries concerning the results of this measure, and has published some of the statistical data that were collected. The following list shows the consumption of vodka in the city of Moscow in 1914 compared with the preceding year: July, 612,686 gallons in 1913 and 359,124 gallons in 1914; August, 667,926 gallons in 1913 and 25,373 gallons in 1914; October, 707,688 gallons in 1913 and 2,913 gallons in 1914. During the first three months vodka could be obtained at the first-class restaurants for consumption in the same, the selling of vodka in bottles being prohibited under a heavy fine.

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Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Irritated Eyelids. No Smarting, No Itching, No Discharge. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Too Sour.

Professor Copeland of Harvard, as the story goes, improved his students for coming late to class.

"This is a class in English composition," he remarked with sarcasm, "not an afternoon tea."

At the next meeting one girl was twenty minutes late. Professor Copeland waited until she had taken her seat. Then he remarked bitingly:

"How will you have your tea, Miss Brown?"

"Without the lemon, please," Miss Brown answered quite gently.—Christian Register.

DOES YOUR SKIN

ITCH AND BURN?

If your skin itches and burns with eczema or any such tormenting, unsightly skin disease, simply wash the sore places with resolin soap and hot water, dry, and apply a little resolin ointment. The itching stops INSTANTLY, you no longer have to dig and scratch, sleep becomes possible, and healing begins at once. That is because the soothing, antiseptic resolin medication strikes right into the surface, arrests the action of the disease, and almost always restores the tortured, inflamed skin to perfect health—quickly, easily and at little cost. Prescribed by doctors for twenty years, and sold by all druggists.—Adv.

Sleep the Sassafras.

A St. Louis clergyman gloomily informs us:

"The images of the poet and the painter have ceased to charm us. We want the realities. Hence the passing of poetry."

Sassafras tea in liberal doses, about this time of year, was formerly believed to be a sound remedy for the physical conditions which generate that state of mind.

The trouble is not so much that people cheer nonsense as that they vote for it.

What the average man really should have is not his rights, but his deserts.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask Your Druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LIT., BUFFALO, N.Y.

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BIG REWARD FOR INVENTOR

British Government is Encouraging Ideas Tending to Improve the Equipment of Army Equipment.

That there are handsome rewards for those who are able to devise improvements in guns and machines is shown in some that have been paid in fees to inventors at army ordnance factories for the year ending March 1914. No less than \$4,000, for instance, was paid to Col. C. L. Hildes, late superintendent of the royal gun and carriage factories, for various inventions and improvements connected with ordnance mountings, including tools, etc., in addition to \$500 paid on another account; while \$2,500 was paid to Mr. W. T. Thomson, chemist and manager, respectively, of the Royal Gunpowder factory, for improvements in the manufacture of all cellulose and accompanying apparatus in addition to a previous \$1,150.

Smaller amounts, such as \$12, Mr. W. H. Turpin, manager of Royal Gun factory, for improved chutes for the manufacture of gunpowder; \$100 to Mr. W. Lambert, process for testing steel ballistics; each to William Rogers and E. F. Far for labor-saving and improving tools for use at the Royal Ordnance department, and \$25 to A. Foreman S. Capon, Royal Gun factory, for improved muffle forges, have also been paid.—Times.

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Because of Terrible Ache. Relieved by E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I am suffering from displacement and inflammation of the uterus."



Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured every suffering woman. FISHB, 1625 Doughton St., N.

Another Woman's

Providence, R. I.—"I am so high of your Vegetable Compound as it has done wonders. I would not be without it. I placed, bearing down, until I could hardly stand. I ought to run down when I took Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I helped me and I am in the best of health. I work in a long besides doing my housework. I can see what it has done for you. I am so glad to hear of your permission to publish the many of my friends."—Mrs. J. M. 808, 126 Lippitt St., Providence.

Danger Signals to

are what one physician calls headache, nervousness, and in many cases they are symptoms of female derangement or of some other condition of the system, which can be overcome by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The of American women willingly to its virtues.

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Tutt's Liver Pills act as a binder for the delicate female or infirm old. The vigorous man.

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Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.